

The cunning⁴⁶ Northerne Begger,

Who all the By-standers doth earnestly pray,
To bestow a penny upon him to day.

To the tune of Tom of Bedlam.



I Am a lassy begger,
and live by others giving,
I scoone to worke,
But by the highway lurke,
And beg to get my living:
I le'ith wind and weather,
And weare all ragged Garments.
Yet though I'm bare,
I'm free from care,
A fig for high preferments.
For still will I cry good your worship good sir,
Bestow one poore denier sir:
Which when I've got
At the Pipe and Pot,
I soone will it cashere sir.

I have my Shifts about me,
Like Proteus often changing
My Shape when I will,
I alter still,
About the Country ranging:
As soone as I a Coach see,
Or Gallants by come riging,
I take my Cratch,
And rouse from my Couch,
Whereas I lay abiding.
And still doe I cry, &c.

Now like a wandring Soldier
(That has 'ith warres bin maymed,
With the shot of a Gunne)
To Gallants I runne,
And begg for helpe the lamed,

I am a poore old Soldier,
And better times once brewed,
Though bare now I goe,
Per many a foe,
By me hath bin subdued.
And therefore I cry, &c.

Although I nere was further
Then Bentish Strat in Southwarke,
So ere did see
A Battery
Made against our Bulwarks,
But with my Trulls and Dories,
Lay in some corner lurking,
and nere went abroad
Wnt to beg on the road.
To keepe my selfe from working.
And alwaies to cry, &c.

Anon I'm like a saylor,
And weare old Canvas cloathing,
And then I say
The Dunkerks away,
Tooke all and left me nothing:
Sire Ships set all upon us,
Gainst which wee bravely ventur'd,
And long withstood,
Yet could doe no good,
Our Ship at length they enter'd.
And therefore I cry good your worship good sir
Bestow one poore denier sir:
which when I've got,
at the pipe and pot, &c.

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Whereas I lay abiding.
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Now like a wandring Souldier
(That has 'ith warres bin maymed,
With the shot of a Gunne)
To Gallants I runne,
And begg for helpe the lamed,

I am a poore old Souldier,
And better times once brewed,
Though bare now I goe,
Per many a foe,
By me hath bin subdued.
And therefore I cry, &c.

Although I nere was further
Then Bentish Strat in Southwarke,
So ere did see
A Battery
Made against our Bollwarke,
But with my Trulls and Dories,
Lay in some corner lurking,
and nere went abroad
Wnt to beg on the road.
To keepe my selfe from working.
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Gainst which wee bravely ventur'd,
And long withstood,
Yet could doe no good,
Our ship at length they enter'd.
And therefore I cry good your worship good sir
Bestow one poore denier sir:
which when I've got,
at the pipe and pot, &c.

The second part, To the same tune.



Sometimes I like a Tripe
Upon the ground lye crawling,
for money I begge,
as wanting a legge
To beate my corpa from falling,
Then some I weake of body,
And long t'have bene diseased,
And make complaint,
As ready to faint,
And of my griefes increased,
And faintly I cry good your worship good, sir,
Bestow one poore desire sir,
which when I've got,
at the Pipe and Pot,
I soone will it casheere sir.

My flesh I so can temper,
That it shall seime to scisther,
And take all oze,
Like a raw soze,
Whereon I sticke a plaister.
With blood I daub my face then,
To saigne the falling sicknesse,
That in every place
They pittie my case,
As if it came throug weakenesse.
And then I doe cry, &c.

When as if my sight I wanted,
A Boy doth walke beside me,
Or else I doe
Crope as I goe,
Or have a Dog to guide me:
And when I'm thus accounted,
To th' highway side I hye me,
and there I stand
with cords in my hand,
And beg of all comes nye me.
And earnestly cry good your worship good sir
Bestow one poore denier, &c.

Next to some Country fellow,
I presently am turned,
And cry alacke
With a child at my back,
My house and goods were burned:
Then me my D-ces follomes,
Who for my wifes belchved,
and along wee two
together goe,
With such mischances grieved.
And still we doe cry good your worship, &c.

What though I cannot labour,
Shall I therefore pine with hunger,
No, rather then I
Will starve where I lye?
I'll beg of the money monger,
No other care shall trouble
My minde, nor grieve diseale me,
Though sometimes the stach
I get, or the last,
I will but a while displease me,
And still I will cry good your worship good sir
Bestow one, &c.

No tricks at all shall scape me,
But I will by my manning,
Get some reliefe
To ease my griele,
When by the highway standing:
Tis better be a Bigger,
And aske of kind good fellows,
And honestly have
What we doe crave,
then feale and goe to th' Gallies:
Therefore I'll cry good your worship good sir,
Bestowe one poore denier sir,
Which when I've got
At the Pipe and Pot,
I soone will it casheere sir.